

# Sordid Details

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## **Sordid Details by mugsandpugs**

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**Summary:**

Richie brags a little too much. Stan can be unpredictable sometimes.

## Sordid Details

With Richie, it was always 'virgin' this and 'get laid' that. He hadn't always been this way- obsessed with talking about things that made adults give them a sharp, disapproving look when they overheard (and that was just what Richie wanted, wasn't it? Attention borne from shock? To seem worldly and knowing and lightyears beyond his peers?).

He was crass and rude, imitating the way older boys talked and the television his parents wouldn't have let him watch had they cared enough to notice. (*Stan's* parents wouldn't have let him watch that kind of TV, anyway. And taking advantage of the times it was just he and Richie at the Tozier household to catch a glimpse of the pixellated forbidden felt like betraying their trust, somehow.)

The Losers all rolled their eyes when Richie bragged of his nonexistent playboy prowess, but tolerated it with little more than quips or exclamations of laughing disgust. Sometimes the more gullible among them- Eddie and Ben, mostly- looked as though they halfway believed him, so it was up to Stan to forever set the record straight.

"This feels like a nice set of titties," Richie exclaimed, squeezing two water balloons to his chest.

"No it doesn't, Trashmouth," Stan rolled his eyes, flicking to the next page of the encyclopedia he'd borrowed from Ben's room.

"And you know this... How, Stanman?" Richie prompted, and then scoffed, "like any of you virgins would know, anyway."

Maybe on this particular day, Stan was a little too overheated and irritable, with the beginning of a sunburn peeling his back, to let it go. He closed his book.

"I know that a mammary gland encased in fat and skin doesn't feel like water sloshing around in latex," he pointed out. "And if you paid any attention in school, you'd know that too."

Bill looked up from his card game with Ben and Mike at the tone, knowing the sound of a fight brewing when he heard it. "Guys—" he warningly.

Ignoring him, Richie hopped up onto the picnic table, stepped neatly over the cards fanned out before his friends, and crouched down at eye-level to where Stan was sitting. "Yeah, Uris?" he goaded. His face was inches from Stan's own; freckled and tanned with his glasses sliding down the end of his nose: the very picture of summer ease. "Have you ever even kissed anyone?"

This was shaping up to be one spoiled afternoon; they were all too overheated and crabby to do much but laze around and bicker, and inevitably return home dehydrated and headachey. Of course Richie was spoiling for a fight. That didn't mean Stan was going to back down, just because Richie was too moody to be civilized.

"No, Richie; I haven't," he said, unabashed and without lowering his gaze. "No one at this table has, except for Bill; and that was at a school play so I don't think that counts."

Bill didn't argue this, only watched his friends warily as though wondering if he'd have to pull them apart.

Richie drew his lower lip into his mouth, chewing it as he considered his next barb to throw. He still wanted to argue, but by admitting virginal status without a hint of shame, Stan had taken most of his weaponry from him. So he instead resorted to breaking one of the two water balloons over Stan's unruly blond curls.

"There. Now Stan can say I get him wet; same as all the girls," he said smugly to Bill.

Stan blinked as lukewarm water cascaded from his hair and into his eyes, running down the back of his neatly buttoned shirt and pooling—horror of horrors— in his sneakers. They'd be squelching water all the way home.

"Richie Tozier," Stan said, and was impressed when his voice came out steady and calm. "I am going to kill you."

He stood and launched himself at the smaller boy, breaking the second balloon between their bodies and knocking him off the picnic table and onto the grass of the park, rolling out from underneath the ramada and down a grassy hill towards the sandbox. He managed to time their landing so that he was on top, and easily pinned Richie's flailing arms down.

It presently became apparent that Richie was laughing, the infuriating little cockroach, chest heaving with silent wheezes. "You look so funny with your hair all wet," he explained. "And now you're all covered in grass--"

Bill and Mike were jogging after them while Ben carefully picked up the cards that had been knocked from the table. Stan ground his teeth and glared down at the friend that irritated him daily like a grain of sand in the bikini of life. He was absolutely at his element- he had everyone's attention now, and he wasn't even protesting one hundred pounds of Stanley pressing him flat into the grass and jamming a bony elbow into his ribs, not sorry in the least that Stan's nice clothes were now horribly grass-stained.

Stanley growled in frustration. Maybe it was time to do a little shocking of his own. Without really thinking about it, he took Richie's face between his hands and kissed him on his berry pink liar's mouth.

"Whoa," Mike said, from somewhere nearby. Stan ignored him. He'd closed his eyes, because that's what people always did in the movies, and he experimentally slid his lips over Richie's chapped ones. He tasted of cigarettes and raspberry slushies, and it hit Stan like a thunderbolt in his chest that he was kissing *Richie Tozier*, of all people- kissing him in the grassy field of Fenway park for God and everybody to see.

In a second, Richie's body softened underneath him, his own lips responding to Stan's firm press. His kiss was questioning and uncertain- a soft flutter of bird's wings and nothing like the jaded Cassanova he so liked to paint himself as. When Stan freed his arms, they slipped around to curl in Stan's wet hair, pulling him closer.

Bill cleared his throat, so Stan, face heated with the rashness of his

actions and the consequences he'd surely be paying for the rest of his life- they were never gonna let him live this down- reluctantly sat up and climbed off of Richie.

"What?" he told his dumbfounded friends, pretending he wasn't hyperaware that Richie was staring up at him with his mouth hanging open. "Got him to shut up, didn't it? And now he can't say I've never kissed anyone." After a moment he added, "and I need to go home and change."

He stood and walked determinedly in the direction of the road, hoping they couldn't see how his ears and cheeks were flushing red. His heart was doing weird things- soaring with elation and crashing with embarrassment in a continuous cycle of shame-thrilled invigoration-worry that Richie would be weird around him from then on.

This last fear was amended when Richie called suggestively- "For a good time, call Stan Uris-" and then listed his phone number by wrote memory.

Unable to stop the grin that crossed his face, he raised a hand and flipped Richie off behind his back. Maybe, someday, they could try that again. For research, of course. Stanley was nothing if not studious.